

EXHIBIT 10

The Honorable Paul G. Gardephe
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
Daniel Patrick Moynihan U.S.
Courthouse 500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007-1312

August 2, 2022

Dear Judge Gardephe,

I hope your day has been good so far. I wanted to take some time today to discuss my younger brother, Maalik. My best friend happens to also be my little brother.

I'm five years older than Maalik, and I've watched him grow for all these years. Maalik has always been gentle and kind. He's the type of person who brings out the best in other people. I've been proud of the caring person that he's grown into, even though he started out caring from the start. He is one who will always put another person before he takes care of his own self. He has always been close by in my life to support me when I needed or wanted something. It could be a small thing, like when I needed him to come to SPCA here to adopt my kitten Alphie, or a huge thing, like when he gifted me a car for my college graduation present.

Obviously, I love my brother. If you had met him under different circumstances...you'd love him too. ..or maybe you wouldn't. But, if you could witness our interaction, you would see why I love him. He was the first one to enroll his son as a client when I opened my Daycare. I was not confident at all about starting my own business and he shored me up. When I got the opportunity to start my business, I called him to talk it over. I was venting my reservations to him. And he offered me perspective by telling me that people would send their kids to me because they would trust me. He said that it was something that I'd do well. Having that conversation with my brother at that critical decision-making juncture helped me to become my own boss. That and so many other decisions I've had to make in my life were cushioned by his presence.

Our childhood was traumatic. We are all still recovering from the damages that were done to us as kids. It's to the point that we don't meet, all of us, because for us, being together reminds us when we were kids, and we are all still running from and suppressing those memories. So, we love each other, no doubt, but normal stuff like family dinner psychologically pushes us back to a setting of dysfunction, and we avoid it. And of course, it's hard and hurtful to think about it now as I'm writing, but it's worth it if it's gonna help Mow.

I don't know how to tell you that the abuse in my family is generational. That my parents were abused as kids and they abused us as kids and that now, I have to let my kids run all over top of me so I can be 100% sure that I don't mimick that process, like I have to overcompensate, you know.

If I could make you see our filthy, dark house with no furniture and no food. In that, you'd find, Maalik, taking care of our cat and her kittens. He was/is the one who was cushioning life for others in some way. I don't know what impact it will have for you to know that in our family, Mow is everydody's favorite. . .my mother's favorite son, the favorite brother, the kids' favorite uncle, and so on.. .but he is... We love him and we each look forward to the future when we can talk about him and talk with him in the present tense.

His absence is grieving and it'll be tough to bear in all of our lives. When he comes home, I'm looking forward to going on a picnic. One of the things we like to do is find a park,

preferably with a stream or pond, and sit and eat lunch with our kids. Even though we have a plenty of other siblings, that's one of the things that just he and I do together. Those small but consistent comforts are what I miss most about my best friend.

Sincerely,

Baiyina Jones